

The Massillon Independent.

VOL. XXIII--NO. 28.

MASSILLON, OHIO, JANUARY 1, 1886,

WHOLE NO. 1,172

Massillon Independent.

[ESTABLISHED IN 1863.]

C. E. TAYLOR, - - - Proprietor.

O. W. THOMAS, - - - Editor.

Office 2d. floor, Room No. 8, Opera Block.

Terms of Subscription:

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Business Directory.

ATTORNEYS.

R. W. McCARTHY, Attorney at Law, office over Dicchner's Arcade Store, Erie street, Massillon, Ohio.

COLE & REINHOLD, Attorneys at Law and Notaries Public, office over Marks Bros. store Erie street, Massillon, Ohio.

WILLISON & GARRETT, Attorneys-at-Law, Rooms Nos. 11 and 12, Opera Block.

R. H. FOLGER, Attorney at Law, Stibb's block, Erie street, Massillon. O. Will attend to all business intrusted to his care in the Federal Courts, Northern District of Ohio and Stark and adjoining counties.

WILLIAM MCMILLAN, Attorney at Law, in W. H. Beatty's block, in the rooms formerly occupied by R. H. Folger.

R. A. PINN, Attorney at Law and Notary Public, Office in Bumriner's Block, Erie street.

ISAAC ULMAN, Attorney at Law, Massillon, Ohio, Office No. 16, East Main street, upstairs. Business intrusted to his care in this and adjoining counties and in the U. S. Courts will receive prompt attention.

BANKS.

UNION NATIONAL BANK, Massillon, Ohio. J. E. McLain, President, J. H. Hunt, Cashier.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK, Erie street, Massillon, Ohio. \$150,000 Capital. S. Hunt, President, C. Steese, Cashier.

CIGAR MANUFACTURERS.

PETER SAILER, manufacturer and wholesale Cigar dealer, Factory corner Erie and Tremont streets.

PHEL BLOEMENSCHIN, wholesale and retail dealer in Cigars, Factory and store room No. 52 West Main street.

DRUGGISTS.

A. EPHRAIM FISHER & CO., Druggists and Chemists. Prescriptions carefully compounded. No. 9, South Erie street.

Z. C. BALTZLY, dealer in Drugs, Medicines, and Chemicals, Perfumery and Fancy articles, Stationery and Blank Books, Opera House, Massillon, Ohio.

M. ORGANTHALL & HEISTER, Druggists and Booksellers, dealers in Drugs, Patent Medicines, Books, Stationery, Fancy Articles, &c. Physicians' prescriptions carefully compounded day and night.

DENTISTS.

D. W. JEFFRIES, Dentist, Beatty's Block, Main street. Teeth inserted on hard rubber. Filling also attended to.

E. CHAPPESTER, Dentist, over Humberger & Son's store. Nitrous oxide gas anesthetics for painless extraction effects.

DRY GOODS.

WATKINS BROS. Dry Goods, Notions, etc., No. 26, East Main street.

THE MASSILLON BEE HIVE CASH STORE, Specialty department, Druggist, Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Stationery and Hosiery, Gents and Ladies' Cloths and Merchant Tailoring, Altman, Putman & Leighley, Proprietors.

R. E. DRY GOODS STORE, Massillon, Ohio. Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods.

HUMBERGER & SON, dealers in general Dry Goods, Notions, Fancy Goods, etc., No. 8, East Main street.

FURNITURE.

JAMES A. HACKETT, Furniture Dealer, Wall Paper, Curtains, etc., No. 16, West Main st.

JOHN H. OGDEN, Furniture Dealer and Undertaker, No. 23, West Main street.

CRORESIES.

D. ATWATER & SON, established in 1832. Forwards and Commission Merchants and dealers in all kinds of Country Produce, Warehouses in Atwater's Block, Exchange street.

HARDWARE.

S. A. CONRAD & CO., Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Hardware, etc., Main street.

JEWELERS.

J. E. GARRIGUS, M. D., Physician and Surgeon.

Office hours: 8:30 to 10:30 A. M.

2 P. M. to 5 P. M.

7 P. M. to 8 P. M.

John H. Beatty's block, formerly occupied by Dr. Barnes, now corner of Main and Erie streets. Residence 241 East Main street.

H. C. BOYER, M. D., Surgeon.

Office hours: 7 A. M. to 9:30 A. M.

12 M. to 2 P. M.

5 P. M. to 7 P. M.

Office and Residence 109 E. Main st., Massillon, O.

D. W. H. KIRKLAND, Homeopathic Practitioner, Office No. 55 East Main street, Massillon, Ohio. Office hours, 7 A. M. to 9 and 5 P. M. Office open day and night.

TINNERS.

HENRY F. OEHHLER, dealer in Stores, Tinware, House Furnishing Goods, etc., No. 34 West Main street.

MANUFACTORIES.

MASSILLON CONTRACTING AND BUILDING CO., Manufacturers of Doors, Sash, Etc., Mouldings, etc.

H. C. SNYDER & CO., manufacturers of Novelty Items, Stoves, Engines, Mill & Mill Machinery.

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MASSILLON ROLLING MILL, Joseph Orms and Sons, Proprietors, manufacturers of a superior quality of Merchant Bar and Blacksmith Iron.

MASSILLON GLASS FACTORY, manufactures Green Glass, Hollow Ware, Beer Bottles, &c.

MASSILLON IRON BRIDGE COMPANY, Manufacturers of Bridges, Roads and General Iron Structures.

Massillon Railroad Time.

P. F. W. & C. R. R. GOING WEST.

R. R. Time. City Time.

10:22 A. M. 4:27 A. M.

1:55 P. M. 10:30 A. M.

5:18 " 5:53 "

Local Freight, 7:06 " 7:41 "

GOING EAST.

1:12 P. M. 1:47 P. M.

12:30 " 12:30 "

2:49 P. M. 3:27 P. M.

9:07 A. M. 9:42 A. M.

Local Freight, 11:55 A. M. 12:30 "

C. L. & W. R. R. New standard, 90th Meridian time.

Going North. Going South.

No. 2. 7:00 a. m. No. 1. 9:55 a. m.

4:37 p. m. 3: " 7:10 p. m.

6: " 7:30 " 5: " 6:00 p. m.

24: 1:00 a. m. 17: 11:30 a. m.

W. & L. E. R. R. Going South. Going North.

No. 3. 6:40 a. m. No. 4. 8:30 a. m.

5: " 1:20 p. m. 6: " 12:30 p. m.

7: " 6:40 p. m. 8: " 8:35 p. m.

Massillon Independent.

C. E. TAYLOR, - - - PROPRIETOR

VERY LATEST.

A golden eagle was wounded and captured near Elkhart, Indiana.

Senator Fair purchased the South Pacific Coast railway for \$5,000,000.

Sir Ambrose Shea, a native and a Catholic, has been appointed governor of Newfoundland.

Gerhardt, the base-ball player, has signed a contract with the New York club, at \$2,000 per annum.

A dispute from Hamilton, Ontario, states that a general election in the Dominion has been decided upon.

The introduction of hauling-machines in a Chicago box factory was quickly followed by a strike of 125 workmen.

Workmen boring for gas at a village near Findlay, Ohio, struck a vein of light petroleum at a depth of 700 feet.

John Roach, the oldest man in the vicinity of Atlanta, Illinois, a soldier in the war of 1812, was buried Friday.

A car of the national fish commission left Washington Monday evening with carp to stock the rivers of Illinois.

Ion. E. A. James, once a leading politician in Tennessee, died at Hot Springs Tuesday, of sciatic rheumatism.

James E. Bailey, who succeeded Andrew Johnson as senator from Tennessee, died Tuesday morning at Clarksville.

"Jimmy" Kain, a notorious sporting character of Pittsburg, shot dead on the street a young mulatto named John Wright.

Aaron Shaw, residing near Owego, New York, fatally shot his wife and himself Wednesday. They have seven children.

Compulsory vaccination is now the order of the day in Montreal, where \$118,000 has been spent in combating small-pox.

Mrs. T. M. Wendling, an insane citizen of Milwaukee, deliberately smothered her child during her husband's absence at work.

The people of northern Colorado and Wyoming are petitioning the Union Pacific company to reopen the Colorado Central road.

A freight engine running backward in the yard at Atlanta, Georgia, on Monday night, killed James Turner, a nephew of Senator Brown.

A tobacco factory in Quincy, Illinois, claims to be the first to adopt the eight-hour system of labor without changing the rate of wages.

Edward Livermore, formerly a stock-broker in New York, who owes \$400,000, has been lodged in jail under an execution against him.

A huge elm planted in 1784 in the town square at Plymouth, Massachusetts, was blown over, killing a companion named Alice Thompson.

On the ground of criminal intimacy with a widow, a divorce has been obtained by the wife of George W. Stout, a wholesale grocer of Indianapolis.

The postmaster at Las Lunas, New Mexico, after having refunded \$4,028 of excessive compensation on stamp account, has been marked for removal.

A court in New York has rendered a decision that Miss Ellen King can not recover from innocent purchasers the value of bonds stolen from her residence.

Major Goodfellow, judge advocate of the department of the Missouri, who died Tuesday at Fort Leavenworth, was a member of Dr. Kane's Arctic expedition.

Rev. John R. Elmore, of Clayton, Indiana, having been expelled from the pulpit for bigamy, cut a hole through the ice in the river and drowned himself.

Ben Blanchard, the land speculator, who ran away from Terre Haute, Indiana, to escape a warrant for embezzlement two months ago, has returned and lodged himself in his brain.

The secretary of the Irish National League sends word over the cable that Mr. Parnell will be unable to attend a convention in Chicago next month. Patrick Ryan has therefore ordered a postponement of the gathering until a convenient date can be fixed.

In Boston, Tuesday, Mrs. William Mackin went to the office of her husband to accept service of papers in a divorce suit, five months from her wedding day. As Mr. Mackin stepped out for a moment, she drew a revolver and lodged a bullet in her brain.

The secretary of the Irish National League sends word over the cable that Mr. Parnell will be unable to attend a convention in Chicago next month. Patrick Ryan has therefore ordered a postponement of the gathering until a convenient date can be fixed.

J. L. French, who was recently a recruiting officer in Chicago, was arrested in Windsor, Ontario, for forging checks. He refuses to return and be treated as a deserter.

Joseph C. Litzelman, a scion of one of the wealthiest families in Jasper county, Illinois, is charged with having forged a sum of \$10,000 and left his family destitute.

A recognized organ of the Canadian Pacific road reports a pooling arrangement between that company and the Grand Trunk, but officials of both systems enter prompt denial.

The commissioners of the Illinois and Michigan canal report a considerable decrease in receipts for the year, owing to the strike of quarrymen last spring in the vicinity of Joliet.

The Seney syndicate, represented by ex-Governor Fosher of Ohio, intends to purchase at foreclosure sale the Toledo, Cincinnati and St. Louis road, the upper price being \$1,500,000.

The late W. P. Lynde of Milwaukee, left \$75,000 in real estate, \$20,000 in insurance, and \$15,000 in personal property. The will gives the widow the guard \$10 a month.

A fourth attempt has been made by unknown parties to destroy the ancient lime-protecting fifteen hundred acres of meadow at Marshfield, Massachusetts. Three boxes of dynamite were exploded this time, but only fifteen feet of the structure was blown out.

Roman Nose, once the chief medicine man of the Cheyennes, who last spring killed a white woman in Indian Territory, has been surrendered to the civil authorities at Leavenworth, by order of Attorney General Garland, to be tried in the federal courts for murder.

D. G. Begges, proprietor of a china store at Canton, Ohio, was nearly maimed at the hour of closing business on Thursday. When he had recovered consciousness, he accused a colored janitor of the crime, and the people threatened to take the culprit from jail and lynch him.

Emma Merloin, an abandoned French woman residing alone at Portland, Oregon, the owner of two brick houses, was during Tuesday night literally hacked to pieces by robber.

The Ohio Yacht club, organized at Toledo, by wholesale merchants and dealers, has agreed to purchase the Guard Island, in Maumee bay, on which to erect an imposing club-house.

The circuit court at San Francisco has declared void the alleged marriage contract between the late Senator Sharon and Miss Sarah A. Hill,

A MAID FORLORN.

BY THE DUCHESS.

(Continued)

Mr. Craven does not appear to sympathize with her affliction. On the contrary, he grows more cheerful with every word she utters, and at her last positive beams.

"And you—do you care for no one?" he asks, forgetful of everything but his intense desire to know.

Miss Rivers, who is still palpably amused, thinks this question just a little too much, and, telling herself it is her turn now, determines to punish him for it. So she hesitates, opens her lips as though to speak, checks herself suddenly, looks down, turns a ring round and round upon her finger, and finally says, very consciously—

"I am afraid I do."

This is a crushing blow. All Craven's content dies on the spot. He glowers, knits his brow, and looks utterly miserable.

"Somebody, then, is very fortunate," he answers, rather unsteadily.

"But there are two of them," explains Cissy, shaking her head in a perplexed fashion, "and I can not quite decide which I love best."

"Love!" it echoes, in a desperate tone.

"Yes, I feel I adore them," she confesses, with unaffected and growing ardor. "So would you if you knew them. I sometimes tell myself it is unlucky to love them as I do, with all my heart."

"But you can not love two men equally!" he exclaims, agast at this daring declaration. "It is impossible!"

Cissy, as though thoroughly confounded by his words, moves back a step or two, and raises one hand in bewilderment.

"Two men!" she says, disdainfully. "Of what are you thinking? Are you so blind to the times as to imagine I should do such a *rode-o* thing as to love a man? No, indeed! I was but thinking of—mamma and Ronnie."

As though aware of her victory, she finishes this saucy speech with a merry laugh, and moves away from him in the direction of Mrs. Richards's parlor. She looks so arch, yet so provoking; so mischievous, yet so charming, that Craven, while acknowledging himself shamefully taken in, laughs, too, in spite of himself.

"Listen to me," he says, hastily. "If the Major goes to bed early, which, of course—in disgust—he won't do, because he ought—may I hope for a cup of tea from Mrs. Richards?"

"I am sure"—demurely—"she will be delighted to give it to you." Then, seeing the disappointment in his face, she adds kindly, and with a pretty smile, "Yes, do come. You will be quite welcome."

And for once in his life the Major, though unconsciously, does the right thing, or, rather, the goat does it for him; he goes to bed early, and leaves his grateful host to follow his own devices.

The next morning, what a change appears! Yesterday the world was white, but dull. To-day it is white, too, but sparkling, as though with innumerable diamonds. The snow has ceased to fall, the sun is shining bravely, lighting up with a million rays each spray and bough, on which the snow still lingers. The fingers have shaken off a little of their chilly burden, and now show again in parts some evidence of green. A few birds, though in a somewhat weak and melancholy fashion, are chanting a hymn of praise, and preening languidly their drugged plumage.

Cissy is so delighted with them that she opens wide her bedroom window and throws out to them the thin slice of bread and butter sent up to her with her tea half an hour before. They fly down to it, to her intense satisfaction, and chatter about it, and fight over it, when it comes to an end.

At the foot of the staircase, as she runs down to breakfast, she encounters Craven, who has been waiting for her.

"Was I not right?" she says, gaily, giving him her hand. "The weather has changed. See what a delicious morning it is! No doubt my being able to get home to-day, is there?"

"I hardly know if the horses can trudge yet—the snow is so deep in some parts," he replies, avoiding her eyes.

"I shall walk if I can not go any other way," says Cissy, with quick determination and some faint doubt of him expressing in her tone.

"If it comes to that, and you must go, you certainly shan't walk," he retorts. "I suppose, with care, a horse can be induced to go so far." Then reproachfully—"In what haste you are to be gone!"

He is looking so honestly grieved at the thought of her departure that her heart smites her.

"Only in haste to see the two or three," she says gently—not to leave this house, where every one has been so kind to me, and where I have been quite happy. You must not for one moment think me ungrateful."

She says this so sweetly that he is comforted, and, when she has so far given in to his wishes as to breakfast with him, and has made herself specially charming throughout the meal, he is almost himself again. Directly breakfast is at an end, because he sees and understands her hurry to be gone, he orders the dog-cart to be brought round; and Cissy, once more enwrapped in her furs, is handed into it. Craven, seating himself beside her, takes the reins, the groom jumps up behind, and together they start for home.

The drive, though slow, and in parts difficult, is a rather silent one; but, just as they enter the gates of Branksmere, she turns to him, says impulsively, "What a long time it seems since last I was here—weeks almost!"

"I told you you were bored to death," he replies, with a curious smile, "though you were too good-natured to acknowledge it. See how heavily the time dragged."

"Nonsense! You know I did not mean that. I was only trying to explain to myself how in so short time I could learn to regard you in such a friendly light. It seems absurd, doesn't it? Two short days—hardly two—and yet I feel quite as if you were my brother."

"Not in the least like your brother," says Craven, hastily. "Your brother would be far handsomer a fellow than I can ever hope to be. I don't feel a bit like you."

"Well, then, you seem to me like a very old friend"—smiling.

"I am glad of that. It tells me I am not quite out in the cold," he answers, heartily; and then they pull up at the hall-door, and the groom jumps down, and Cecil has barely time to reach the ground when Ronnie comes running out, and catches her in her arms, holds her until her mother releases her.

The liberated prisoner is embraced and kissed and examined with tearful eyes; and then, turning, flushed and smiling, toward Craven, she says,

brightly: "This is Mr. Craven, mamma. You must thank him for his kindness to me."

Mamma is secretly rather taken aback, as she has been picturing an imaginary Mr. Craven to herself as a stout, middle-aged gentleman of fatherly aspect, not in the least like the tall, fashionably dressed young man who stands smilingly down upon her now, but in hand.

She conceals her surprise very successfully, however, and murmurs a few words of earnest gratitude; and then they all go into the house and up to the drawing-room fire, where explanations follow, and where Cissy—who is in wild spirits—makes them all laugh a good deal at her version of the adventure—especially Ronnie, who has found it intolerably dull without her.

"You will, of course, stay to luncheon," says Mrs. Rivers, pleasantly. "Your man can put up your horse for an hour or two."

She rings the bell; and Mr. Craven, who is singularly amenable to pressing on this occasion—hardly indeed requiring it, as he gives in at the first request—stays on for many hours, only tearing himself away with open reluctance as the daylight fades and thoughts of the Major and his duties as host crowd heavily upon him.

CHAPTER V.

When the young man has gone, Ronnie turns to her sister, and placing her arms round her, gives her a good hug. "I couldn't half do it while he was looking," she says, "though I think him very nice, nevertheless."

"He was very kind, at all events," says Cissy, gratefully. "Wasn't it a wonderful adventure?"

"It might have been a terrible one," replies her mother, with a shudder. "Oh, mamma, and who do you think was there besides me?"

"Who?"

"Major Jervis!"

"Major Jervis! And he saw you?" asks Mrs. Rivers, in a horror-stricken tone.

"Yes—but—And yet he didn't see me!" continues Cecil. And then she gives them the entire history of her escape from the Major and her terror on the occasion.

When she has finished her recital, her mother draws a breath of deep relief.

"You are sure Mr. Craven won't betray you?" she asks, still a little nervously.

"Quite sure! Mamma, how could you think him a traitor?"

"I didn't, my dear! I was merely anxious," answers Mrs. Rivers, hastily. Then she rises and quits the room, for some domestic purpose.

"What nice eyes he has!" says Ronnie when the girls are alone again. "And how he uses them!—though only on one object, I grant! I firmly believe, though he has been here to-day for nearly two hours, he would not, if put on his oath, know me from mamma, or mamma from me."

"I don't think he is such a stupid young man as you seem to think," retorts Cissy, mildly. "And it is fully what you say, dearest; any one can see that mamma is at all events a year or two older than you."

"I am not accusing him of stupidity," rejoins Ronnie, merrily. "I merely meant to say he never took his eyes off you from the time he came till he went away. I was but as dross in his sight. Well, never mind! I wonder, by the bye, when we shall see him again?"

"Some time next year, perhaps." It is now close on Christmas.

"Some time to-morrow, I should say."

"Bonnie, how can you be so absurd? What could bring him here again so soon?" says Cecil; but she blushes vividly as she puts the question.

"Well, you, I suppose," rejoins Ronnie, unabashed. "Little hypocrite that you are, why don't you confess what you know in your secret heart? What do you think he meant by asking mamma if she wanted some books to read? Simply an excuse to put in an appearance here early in the morning. Now, mark my words, it will be early. And I shouldn't at all be surprised if he ordered up the whole library, book-shelves and all, for your delectation. My own opinion is," adds Miss Rivers, laughing, "that this poor young man is head-over-heels in love with you."

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Indoors the fires are burning brightly. The logs are crackling on the top of coals; the great white Persian cat is basking lazily on the hearth-rug, and pretty Cecil, with a huge black fan in her hand, is sitting on the rug too, her head resting against her mother's knee.

It is now the seventh day since her return home, and they are all sitting in the small morning-room—the room in the house they most affect, it is so snug and cozy—with Duke Craven in their midst, but as near to Cecil as circumstances will permit.

"By the bye," says Craven, suddenly, "the Major is with me again, in spite of his dread of that awful ghost he encountered some days ago. He has heard of your having taken up your residence here. Mrs. Rivers, and declared his intention, this morning at breakfast, of calling upon you without loss of time. Shouldn't wonder if he came to-day?"

"Yes, I think so," returns Mrs. Rivers, a little haughtily; but this terrible old man is not to be rebuked.

"No offense," he says. "A word in season, you know; and—er—my young friend Craven is rather a gay fellow—nothing very much against him, you know, my dear madam, only young men will be young men to the end of the chapter! Ha-ha!"

"His words mean nothing, his manner a great deal. A vague shadow as of coming grief falls upon the heart of Mrs. Rivers as she turns almost instinctively to look at her pretty Cecil.

Her pretty Cecil, is looking utterly unconcerned, and is simply regarding Major Jervis with a glance suggestive of indifference and contempt. Mrs. Rivers sighs, and wonders inwardly whether she is doing a wise thing in allowing this acquaintance with Duke Craven to ripen into a friendship—nay, into something that may prove even warmer than friendship, and more capable of bearing fruit either of joy or sorrow—what if it should be sorrow? After all, what do they know about this young man Craven? He has fallen into their lives by the merest chance, and is literally unknown to them beyond the fact that he is of good family and has a house and some considerable property. Of his character or his usual habits they have learned absolutely nothing. And even now is not the Major throwing out hints of a most unpleasant nature about him?

Meanwhile Ronnie is cross-questioning Major Jervis about Craven Court. "Yes, it is a capital place," he says, "but draughty—very, and haunted into the bargain."

"Haunted! How delicious!" Cissy cries, clasping her hands. "Do tell us all about it, Major!"

Whereupon the Major, who dearly loves the sound of his own voice, gives them a most extraordinary account of his pursuit of Cecil on that memorable evening now more than a week ago. He has hardly finished his highly colored recital when, to the surprise of all, Craven again enters the room.

"I really must beg your pardon," says the young man, blushing ingenuously. "But not until I had reached home, did I remember about that address for which you so wished. I have it with me now. As I was going to Carberry—a village some three miles away—I thought I might as well drop in again and leave it with you."

"Much better," answers Ronnie, graciously.

"Ah, Major: knew I should find you here!" says Duke, genially. "I hope you are making yourself agreeable."

"What an absurd question!" cries Ronnie, in a low, confidential tone.

"Happy Richards!" says Mr. Craven, in a low tone, with an indescribable glance that is half amused, and half earnest, and wholly loving.

Ronnie laughs; and then Mrs. Rivers returning to the room, Craven rises and takes his departure. He has not been gone half an hour when the servant announces—"Major Jervis."

Mrs. Rivers, rising, receives him very courteously, and the girls give him their hands with a passably good grace.

"Had no idea until the day before yesterday that you and the young ladies had come to reside down here," begins the Major, when he has ensconced himself in the most comfortable chair in the room and drawn himself close up to the fire. He always calls the girls the "young ladies," to Ronnie's intense disgust.

"I really must beg your pardon," says the young man, blushing ingenuously. "But not until I had reached home, did I remember about that address for which you so wished. I have it with me now. As I was going to Carberry—a village some three miles away—I thought I might as well drop in again and leave it with you."

"Much better," answers Ronnie, graciously.

"Ah, Major: knew I should find you here!" says Duke, genially. "I hope you are making yourself agreeable."

"What an absurd question!" cries Ronnie, in a low, confidential tone.

"Happy Richards!" says Mr. Craven, in a low tone, with an indescribable glance that is half amused, and half

An Epidemic of Rhyming.

The Society goes on famously. We have had a paper presented and read lately which has greatly amused some of us and provoked some of the weaker sort. The writer is that crabbish old Professor of Belles-Letters at that men's college over there. He is dreadfully hard on the poor "poets," as they call themselves. It seems that a great many young persons, and more especially a great many young girls, of whom the Institute has furnished a considerable proportion, have taken to sending him their rhymed productions to be criticised, —expecting to be praised, no doubt, every one of them. I must give you one of the spiciest extracts from his paper in his own words:

"It takes half my time to read the poems sent me by young people of both sexes. They would be more shy of doing it if they knew that I recognize a tendency to rhyming as a common form of mental weakness, and the publication of a thin volume of verse as *risus frusti* evidence of ambitious mediocrity, if not inferiority. Of course there are exceptions to this rule of judgment, but I maintain that the presumption is always against the rhymester as compared with the less pretentious persons about him or her, busy with some useful calling—too busy to be tagging rhymed commonplaces together. Just now there seems to be an epidemic of rhyming as bad as the dancing mania, or the sweating sickness. After reading a certain amount of manuscript verse one is disposed to anathematize the inventor of homophonous syllabification. [This phrase made a great laugh when it was read.] This, that is rhyming, must have been found out early."

"Where are you, Adam?"

"Hem am I, Madam."

but it can never have been habitually practised until after the Fall. The intrusion of tintinnabulating terminations into the conversational intercourse of men and angels would have spoilt Paradise itself. Milton would not have them even in Paradise. Lost, you remember. For my own part, I wish certain rhymes could be declared contraband of written or printed language. Nothing should be allowed to be hurled at the world or whirled over it; all eyes should be kept away from the skies, in spite of *as a m'nt subtime dedit*; youth should be coupled with all the virtues except truth; earth should never be reminded of her birth; death should never be allowed to stop a mortal's breath, nor the hell to sound his knell, nor flowers from blossoming powers to wave over his grave or show their bloom upon his tomb. We have rhyming dictionaries let us have one from which all rhymes are rigorously excluded. The sight of a poor creature grubbing for rhymes to fill up his sonnet, or to cram one of those voracious, rhyme-swallowing rincaroles which some of our drudging poetical operatives have been exhausting themselves of late to satisfy with jingles, makes my head ache and my stomach rebel. Work, work of some kind, is the business of men and women, not the making of jingles! No, no, no! I want to see the young people in our schools and academies and colleges, and the graduates of these institutions, lifted up out of the little dismal swamp of self-contemplating and self-adulating and self-commiserating egotism which is soiling the land with those literary sandwich-thin slices of thinking sentimentality between two covers looking like hard-baked grit gingerbread. But what faces these young folks make up at my good advice! They get tipsy on their rhymes. Nothing intoxicates one like his or her own voices, and they hold on to their metronomemongering as the fellows that inflate nitrous oxide hold on to the gasbag!"—Oliver Wendell Holmes in *Atlantic*.

Pawning Her Boy's Clothes for Medicine.

A poor woman in Wales, whose boy had been very ill for several years, had expended all of her means to pay for medicine. At last the doctors said the boy must die. He suffered so terribly with rheumatism that he could not be moved. One day some one told her about the Mount Lebanon Shakers. The evidence of the curative powers of their Extract of Roots was so convincing that she pawned the poor boy's clothes to buy a bottle of the remedy (Siegle's Syrup), but now she is proud that she did so, for it was the means of curing her son. The Shakers say that this was the result of Indigestion and that the medicine cured the dyspepsia, and that the rheumatism was only a symptom of the real disease.

An Answer Wanted.

Can any one bring us a case of kidney or liver complaint that Electric Bitters will not speedily cure? We say they can not, as thousands of cases already permanently cured and who are daily recommending Electric Bitters will prove. Bright's disease, diabetes, weak back, or any urinary complaint quickly cured. They purify the blood, regulate the bowels and act directly on the diseased parts. Every bottle guaranteed. For sale at 50c. a bottle by Z. T. Baltzly.

March 23, 1881

Buckley's Arnica Salve.

The greatest medical wonder of the world. Warranted to speedily cure Burns, Bruises, Cuts, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Cancers, Piles, Chilblains, Corns, Tetter, Chapped Hands, and all skin eruptions, guaranteed to cure in every instance, or money refunded. 25 cents per box. For sale by Z. T. Baltzly.

A WALKING SKELETON.

Mr. E. Springer, of Mechanicsburg, Pa., writes: "I was afflicted with lung fever and abscess on lungs, and reduced to a walking skeleton. Got free trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which did me so much good that I bought a dollar bottle. After using three bottles and myself once more a man, completely restored to health, with a hearty appetite, and a gain in flesh of 48 lbs." Call at Z. T. Baltzly's Drug Store and get a free trial bottle of this certain cure for all Lung diseases. Large bottles \$1.00.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early death, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a physician in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. Joseph T. Luman, 107 D. New York city.

It Won't Pay.

after so much labor and capital has been expended to build up this medicine, to allow it to deteriorate. You can take Simmons Liver Regulator with perfect faith, as it is made by no adventurers who pick up the business of concocting medicines, but by educated, practical druggists who have made the study of medicine and its compound the labor of a lifetime. The care, precision, neatness and perfection exhibited by the very appearance of the Regulator proves it to be the best prepared medicine in the market, and J. H. Zeilin & Co. fully carry out their motto: "Purissima et Optima (purest and best).

Very Poor Economy.

Some people make a business of cheating themselves, either by eating very mean and cheap food, or else by eating too small a quantity of good food. Either way is bad policy as it would be to buy a coffin instead of a suit of good clothes, just because the coffin would cost less. Poor diet means impoverished blood; and that means misery. Brown's Iron Bitters enriches the blood, gives it the iron it needs, and tones up the whole system. Cures dyspepsia, indigestion, weakness, malaria, etc.

Balmy Sleep.

The Infirmarian of Mount St. Clement College, Bichester, Maryland, writes that Red Star Cough Cure has given much satisfaction in that institution. In a severe case of consumption it gives great relief, and after its use restless nights and night sweats disappeared.

The Gravestones.

The gratitudo of a father, when his offspring are relieved from disease is something touching to behold. Elliott Dabois, of Indianapolis, had triple cause for gratitude to the manufacturer of Mishler's Herb Bitters, for he writes: "All my three children have been cured of worms by your bitters. It is far ahead of all the worm leezes ever made."

The gratitudo of a father, when his offspring are relieved from disease is something touching to behold. Elliott Dabois, of Indianapolis, had triple cause for gratitude to the manufacturer of Mishler's Herb Bitters, for he writes: "All my three children have been cured of worms by your bitters. It is far ahead of all the worm leezes ever made."

At the old stand, corner Tremont and Hill streets, Massillon, O.

Groceries!

Albright & Co's CASH STORE.

Largest and Handsomest, Most Complete and best kept stock of general

Groceries, Provisions, AND Queensware

IN THE CITY.

Attentive Salesmen

Always ready to supply your wants.

PRICES CANNOT BE BEATEN.

WE HAVE EVERYTHING

All we ask is a trial.

Fruits, Oysters, Etc.

In their season. Call and see us.

ALBRIGHT & CO'S.

25, EAST MAIN STREET.

Massillon, O.

MASSILLON Marble and Mantel WORKS.



HAVING NOW COMPLETED my building on the corner of Tremont and Hill streets, and made it in every way convenient for the marble and mantel business, and having it well filled with

HOICE MONUMENTS, and Gravestones,

of the latest designs and finish of both Marble and Granite. And having enlarged my

MANTEL ROOM

and fitted it up in a neat and tasteful manner and filled it with the latest and neatest patterned

State MANTLES & GRATES,

and having bought them of the eastern manufacturers for cash, thereby enabling me to sell either mantles or grates at less rates than can be furnished abroad, of the same style and finish.

At my request for examination of them and their prices to convince you that you can do better at home than abroad.

Work at old stand, corner Tremont and Hill streets, Massillon, O.

Q. W. REEVES.

HELP for working people. Send 10cts. and we will furnish you with a royal, valuable sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. You can live at home and work in spare time, only or all the time. All of both sexes, of all ages, grandly successful. The more you work the more we will pay you. To all who are not well satisfied we will send \$1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Immense pay absolutely sure for all who start at once. Don't delay. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

Q. W. REEVES.

JUST WHAT YOU WANT. Avril, Vine, Cut, & Pile. For Farm & Home use, either size, \$4.50, \$5.50, \$6.50 sent freight paid on receipt price. If your hardware dealer does not have it, we will send one free to any part of the United States.

Having been known by all publishers in N. Y. and in business at 25 Ann St., for the past 31 years, I have taken the liberty to refer to the publisher of my book as the author of the same. JOHN C. STICKWELL, 25 Ann St., New York.

A Great Cause of Human Misery IS THE LOSS OF MANHOOD

A Lecture on the Nature, Treatment and Radical Cure of Seminal Weakness, or Spermatorrhoea, induced by sexual abstinence, involuntary emission, impure diet, and other causes, and its important bearings on marriage, complexion, epilepsy, dental and physical incapacity, &c. —By Robert J. Culverwell, M. D.

The world-renowned author in this admirable lecture clearly proves from his own experience that the two consequences of self-abuse may be easily removed with the dangerous surgical operations, boudoir instruments, &c., pointing out a cure once certain and effective, by which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply privately and radically.

This lecture will prove a boon to thousands and thousands.

Send same seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, post-paid, on receipt of four cents or two postage stamps. Address

THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO., 41 Ann St., New York, N. Y., P. O. Box 450 May 21, 1886. 1 yr.

Sold by druggists.

More for all my stomach ills.

More than the doctor and his pills.

Sold by druggists.

1 yr.

PETER GRIBLE,

(successor to W. S. Young.)

PROPRIETOR.



CITY LIVERY & SALE STABLE,

Southeast Cor. Mill and Plum Streets,

MASSILLON OHIO.

SINGLE & DOUBLE TURNOUTS,

Second to none in the county, in readiness at all times, delivered to any part of the city.

Rates moderate. Telephone 77.

TIME TABLE.

P. Ft. W. & C. Railway.

Schedule in Effect Nov. 29, 1885.

Trains depart from MASSILLON station as follows.

CENTRAL TIME.

GOING WEST

De part.

Fast Line, 10 24 a. m.

Chicago Express, 10 24 a. m.

Ft. Wayne Mail, 10 24 a. m.

Mail Express, 10 24 a. m.

Local Freight, 10 24 a. m.

GOING EAST

De part.

Day Express, 12 45 p. m.

Mail Express, 12 45 p. m.

Fast Line, 12 45 p. m.

Eastern Express, 12 45 p. m.

Local Freight, 12 45 p. m.

De part.

Daily except Sunday.

Daily except Monday.

E. A. FORD,

JAMES McCREA, Manager PITTSBURGH, PA.

C. L. & W. Railway.

Condensed Time Table of Passenger Trains.

In effect November 29, 1885, until further notice.

New Standard—90 Meridian time which is 28 minutes slower than Columbus time.

GOING SOUTH

SТАTIONS.

Mail

Ex

Accom.

Wheeling & Lake Erie R. R. BETWEEN TOLEDO AND MARIETTA.

In effect July 12, 1885.

CENTRAL STANDARD TIME.

GOING SOUTH AND EAST.

No. 5, No. 7, No. 9, No. 1.

A. M. P. M. A. M. P. M.

Toledo 10 19 12 30 5 10

Fremon 9 23 10 02 6 32

Clyde 9 27 10 16 6 47

Bellevue 9 35 10 25 7 02

Monroeville 9 55 10 32 7 02

Norwalk 10 1 10 40 7 02

1 35

1 35

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1

Massillon Independent,
O. W. THOMAS, - - EDITOR.

RECENT reports from St. Petersburg and Vienna, indicate that Russia and Austria are anxious for a fight. Go in, and may the best man win.

On Christmas day, Mrs. Grant received official notification that \$5,000 would be paid to her annually from the United States treasury. The people of this country will sanction this act on the part of Congress and President Cleveland. It is a fitting tribute to the memory of the man who served his country as faithfully as did General Grant.

THE Democracy of Stark County, and Canton in particular, seem to have become disguised with Senator Payne and his coal-oil gang. In a letter from Mr. C. Schwietzer, chairman of the Democratic Central Committee of Stark county, Senator Payne is informed that the committees declined to make any more recommendations for appointments to office in this county, and cites as a reason that not a single recommendation made by the committee has been favorably acted upon, and intimates that it does not care to be snubbed any farther. The letter very courteously suggests that in matter concerning this county the Senator consult with Mr. Paige and Mr. Shields in the matter of appointments.

In giving his dissenting opinion in the cases of the Hamilton county election frauds, Judge Johnson says

"My regret at this decision is deeper than can be expressed by words. It is an apparent, if not a real, sanction to frauds of the most atrocious character, crimes that if continued, will ultimately sap and destroy our representative system and government. It is no comfort to say that a contest by the Senate of Ohio furnished an adequate remedy, especially since by doubting these frauds the party benefited thereby gets control of the body which is to sit in judgment on the contest. They obtain their certificates by means of fraud and forgery; this entitles them to become members of the contesting body. This entitles them to sit and vote in their own cases or the cases of each other, and it would be a miracle if they or those who affiliate with them politically should surrender control of the Senate by ousting themselves, however strong the case may be for the contestants. Such a thing is unheard of in a contest by a political body, when a successful contest would surrender the control of that body to its political opponents."

NAVARE.

Rev. S. Cull is visiting Akron friends. G. F. Downey spent the holidays in Canton.

Make your vows, turn a new leaf, and write 1886.

An entertainment in the M. E. Church this evening.

Jim Raymond has returned from Des Moines, Iowa.

The dance at Julius Clark's was a lively affair last week.

E. E. Zintsmaster is visiting among Indiana friends.

S. M. Chase is doing quite a thriving business with his Victory Corn Mill.

Who said we would have a severe winter? We have been having regular spring weather here for over a week.

Mrs. Dr. Wolf, and Miss Wyandt, of Wilmot, visited at the home of Dr. A. H. Gans, during the forepart of the past week.

Rev. J. M. Poult's speech and the exhibition of "Jumbo," Xmas evening in the U. B. Church, left a lasting impression upon that vast assembly.

Enthusiastic Mike made a bold effort to usurp the throne of Marshal, but old "Buck" was too much for him. Try again, Bash! but wait till "Buck" goes to sleep.

Because of the severe illness of Mr. T. W. Chapman during the past month, his son A. W., who is now a resident of Muncie, Ind., was summoned home. The old gentleman has considerably improved, and on Wednesday, of last week, A. W. returned to his western home.

Roll up the Black Jack and lay in a new supply! No editor, no express agent, but "Korkley" says he's papa, and it's a wee bit of a girl baby. Mother and baby doing well, and even Frank seems to be able to stand the storm. Pass that "twofer" best Havana box of cigars, Frank.

Card of Thanks.

The undersigned takes this means to return his sincere thanks to the kind neighbors and friends who so kindly assisted in the illness and death of his beloved wife.

Wm. CROCKS.

The children and friends of Mrs. Rebecca Cocks, are sincerely thankful to the many kind friends and neighbors so kindly assisted them in their hour of affliction.

CHILDREN

How Grant Marched Against Mark Twain.

The New York *Sur* calls attention to the curious fact that Mark Twain's article, in the December *Century*, entitled, "The Private History of a Campaign that Failed," is, by an odd coincidence, a contemporaneous supplement to chapter 18 in the first volume, just printed, of General Grant's memoirs. It appears that the only time that General Grant was really scared was when he had to meet the little army in which his future publisher was a private. At Palmyra, Grant, then a colonel, was ordered to move against Col. Thomas Harris, who was said to be encamped at the little town of Florida, some twenty-five miles away. In his memoirs General Grant tells how his heart kept getting higher and higher as he approached the enemy, until he felt it in his throat, but when he reached a point where he expected to see them and found they had fled, his heart resumed its place. Mark Twain was one of the "enemy," and that he and his fellow-soldiers were equally frightened appears in his frank confession in the December *Century*. The difference between the two soldiers was that Mark Twain was thrown into such trepidation that he then and there abandoned forever the profession of arms, whereas General Grant made on that occasion the discovery that the enemy was as much afraid of him as he had been of them. "This," says General Grant, "was view of the question I had never taken before, but it was one I never forgot afterward. From that event to the close of the war, I never experienced trepidation upon confronting an enemy, though I always felt more or less anxiety."

The following paragraph is from an article in the *Southern Bazaar* for January, on the power of Sam Jones, the re-vivalist:

All grammatical and rhetorical rules are sacrificed, even a moderate respect for good taste is ignored, if it be in the way of pungency and power. Usually the force of the statement crushes its own way to conviction. If the statement is regarded as not perfectly lucid in itself, he neither restates nor argues it, but trusts to illustration, by which method he escapes all confusion and keeps alive a keen interest. Take his solution of the question, "Where does the evil of gambling lie?" He thus illustrates: "A gentleman said to me, 'Why do you so denounce all games of chance and speculations in futures?' The element of chance found in these runs through all the transactions of life. If you plant a cotton crop, it is a chance as to whether you make or lose; you start on a Christian course, it is a chance as to whether you win or lose."

Mr. Jones replies: "All you say is true; but if I plant cotton and should raise a large crop and sell it at a fine price, is anybody else necessarily hurt thereby?" If I begin a Christian life, and run well the race until a crown be won, is anybody else hurt thereby?" No casuist who has once heard him can forget the kernel which he has thus deftly disengaged of all husk.

Attention, Floriculturists!

The *Ladies' Floral Cabinet* (\$1.25 per year, N. Y. City), completes its fourteenth year with the December number, which is unusually attractive both in illustration and in reading matter. "Santa Claus as a Florist," is represented on its first page, and F. Lance in the article following treats in a humorous yet forcible manner of the abuse of incorrectly naming plants offered for sale. "Rural Esthetics" is the topic of a valuable paper setting forth the pleasures and profits to be found in rural pursuits when properly conducted. Considerable space is devoted to the chrysanthemum, but no more than its excellence deserves. Wm. Falconer gives cultural directions for growing the seedlings, and E. L. Taplin, in "The Mikado's Flower," describes some of the most attractive varieties shown at recent exhibitions. Mrs. Bissell contributes a very amusing story entitled, "Reaping the Whirlwind," and the departments of domestic arts are filled with delightful suggestions for Christmas time.

The publishers announce as premiums for 1886, ten packets of choice flower seeds or a bulb of the *Tigridia grandiflora* bulb or a bulb of the *Anthurium rosae*, either of which go free to any subscriber requesting a premium.

We have arranged to give our readers the benefit of the *Floral Cabinet* and its premium flower seeds or bulbs at a combination rate quite favorable, viz., \$2.15 for our publication and the *Floral Cabinet* with choice of premiums. If any reader wishes to examine a copy and get details of premiums before subscribing, send 6 cents, mentioning this offer, to the *Ladies' Floral Cabinet*, 22 Vessey street, New York.

The Columbia Bicycile Calendar for 1886.

A truly artistic, elegant and convenient work in chromo-lithography and the letter press is the *Columbia Bicycile Calendar* for 1886, just issued by the Pope Manufacturing Company, of Boston. Each day of the year appears upon a separate slip, with a quotation pertaining to cycling from leading publications and prominent writers on both sides of the ocean. The notable cycling events are mentioned; and concise opinions of the highest medical authorities, words from practical wheelmen, including those of clergymen and other professional gentlemen; the rights of cyclists on the roads; general wheeling statistics; the benefits of tricycling for ladies; extracts from cycling poems; and much other matter interesting to the public in general, and the cyclist in particular, appear from day to day. In fact, into a little measure is crowded in a highly attractive way, the past, present and future of cycling; a virtual encyclopedia upon this universally utilized "seed of steel." The calendar proper is mounted upon a back of heavy board, upon which is exquisitely executed, in water-color effect, a charming combination of cycling scenes by G. J. Buck, of New York. A mounted bicycile in uniform is sounding the bugle-call while speeding past an echoing lake. In another view a party of bicyclists are enjoying a spin by the light of the moon. In another a sprightly and pretty, and daintily attired lady tricycler, bears evidence of the delightfulness of this health-giving exercise. As a work of convenient art it is worthy of a place in office, library or parlor.

Ladies embroidered velvet opera and everette only 75 cents a pair. J. D. Frank & Co's cash store.

The children and friends of Mrs. Rebecca Cocks, are sincerely thankful to the many kind friends and neighbors so kindly assisted them in their hour of affliction.

CHILDREN

RED STAR TRADE MARK COUGH CURE

Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poison.

SAFE: SURE: PROMPT. 25 Cts.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

ST. JACOB'S OIL TRADE MARK

GERMAN REMEDY For Pain

Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises, &c.

PRICE 50 CENTS.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

THOSE WHO BELIEVE

will work off a Cough or a Cold should understand that this MAY be done, but at the expense of the Constitution, and we all know that repeating this dangerous practice weakens the Lung Powers and terminates in a Consumptive's Grave. Don't take the chances; use DR.

BIGELOW'S CURE, which is a safe,

pleasant and speedy cure for all Throat and Lung Troubles. In 50 cent and dollar bottles.

DR. JONES' RED CLOVER TONIC

is the best known remedy for all blood diseases, stomach and liver troubles, piles, rheumatism, and all diseases of the kidneys. Price 50 cents, of all druggists.

GRIGGS' GLYCERINE SALVE.

TRY this Wonder Healer.

PRICE 15 CENTS.

25-ly-n.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL

And Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda

Almost as Palatable as Milk.

The only preparation of COD LIVER OIL that can be taken readily and tolerated for a long time by delicate stomachs.

AND AS A REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION, SCROPHULOUS AFFECTIONS, ANAEMIA, GENERAL DEBILITY, COUGHS AND THROAT AFFECTIONS, and all WANTING DISORDERS OF CHILDREN it is marvellous in its results.

Prescribed and endorsed by the best Physicians in the countries of the world.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

25 rp

VIRGINIA FARMS

Mild Climate. Cheap homes for

vacation. A. O. BLISS, Centralia, Va.

27-ly-n.

FOR SALE OR RENT.

A storehouse with four rooms, good cellar, and water. Located on Clay street near Cherry.

Enquire at Rolling Mill office.

TANITE EMERYWHEELS.

COLUMBUS, McCune, Lonnis & Griswold.

CLEVELAND, York & Benton.

TOLEDO, Bostwick, Braun & Co.

CINCINNATI, T. & A. Pickering, Woodrough & McParlin.

Report of the Condition

—OF—

The Union National Bank.

At Massillon, in the State of Ohio, at the close of business, Dec. 24, 1885.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts \$188,995.29

Overdrafts, commercial circulation 100.20

Due from unsecured persons 100,000.00

Due from other National Banks 26,511.91

Due from state banks and bankers 60,000.75

Real estate, furniture and fixtures 9,001.00

Current expenses and taxes paid 257.73

Checks and other cash items 2,530.82

Bills of other banks 4,556.00

Specie 11,361.10

Legal tender notes 1,535.00

Revolving fund with U. S. Treasurer 3,160.00

Total \$301,892.57

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in \$100,000.00

Surplus fund 50,000.00

Undivided profits 5,884.73

National bank notes outstanding 90,000.00

Dividends unpaid 3,600.00

Individual deposits subject to check 80,083.80

Demand certificates of deposit 33,703.47

Due other National Banks 1,530.78

Due to state banks and bankers 249.73

Total \$301,892.57

CATARRH

Also good for Cold in the Head,

Headache, Hay Fever, &c. 50 cents.

27-ly-n.

LADIES!

With Hanover's Tailor System you can cut

Dresses to fit, without oral instructions. Dressmakers pronounce it perfect. Price for System,

Book and Double Tracing Wheel, \$6.50.

TO INTRODUCE

A System, Book and Wheel will be sent on re-

ceipt of 50 cents. JOHN H. HANOVER, Cincinnati, O.

27-ly-n.

DEAFNESS

its causes & cure.

Two of the most desirable dwelling houses in

the city located on West Tremont street. One

containing six and the other seven rooms. All

Home and Neighborhood.

Local reading notices set in Brevier type—the size of type used on this page—five cents per line for first insertion and five cents more for each subsequent insertion. Reading notices set in the type—ten cents per line for first insertion and five cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

No single notice inserted for less than twenty-five cents.

Mr. John Sumock smiles; it is a boy; came on Christmas.

At the Second Club dance to-night a Park Hotel visitors are expected from Canton and Akron.

Rev. Booth, pastor of the U. B. church, preached at the Salvation Army barracks, Monday evening.

Prof. Baer's orchestra furnished the music for a grand ball last Wednesday evening in New Philadelphia.

Mr. James Merwin presided over the instruments at the city telegraph office the past week in the absence of Mr. Drake.

Mr. Henry Schwartz received a very painful wound in the hand last Saturday by the accidental discharge of a revolver which he was cleaning.

We wish to return our thanks to Dr. McGhie for substantial recollection. The Doctor is an energetic, go-ahead man, and is deserving of success.

Manager Stern informs us that a telephone line has been completed between Alliance and Pittsburgh, thus making direct communication between this city and Pittsburgh.

Mr. Solomon Lichtenwalter, one of the oldest inhabitants of Stark county, died at his residence in Jackson township last Saturday at the advanced age of eighty-eight years.

After two weeks of idleness the gas driller's have resumed operations. The eager and expectant public may rest assured that when gas is struck we will apprise them of the fact.

Wilson Garber was the lucky holder of the ticket that drew the gold watch that was disposed of by lottery by Messers. Eckhart and Rider, the gentleman clerks at Z. T. Baltzly's.

Massillon now has two very pretty barber shops; one under the German Deposit Bank occupied by John Fields, and the other under Diehlenn's clothing store where the Goins Bros. hold forth.

Manager Stern of the telephone exchange and Miss Crooke, the day operator, were substantially remembered by a number of their patrons on Christmas in the shape of a purse of \$45, of which Miss Crooke received \$35.

Can't something be done to stop the gang of boys from collecting in the stairway and hall at the Opera House every evening? a show is being given there. They make themselves a decided nuisance and should be made to know their place.

Mat Core, Jacob Lantz and Frank Gestmer, the persons who were arrested for creating a disturbance at the Salvation Army meetings, had a hearing before Justice Folger on Saturday. They plead guilty, and a fine and costs amounting to \$5.50 each was imposed.

Henry Burger committed suicide in Canton, on Monday, by hanging himself in Mr. D. Tyler's barn. He had been employed by that gentleman as hostler for some time. He was addicted to drink, and it is supposed that he was intoxicated when he hung himself. No other cause appears to exist for making away with himself.

At the last regular meeting of Tuscarawas Lodge, No. 70, A. O. U. W. the following officers were elected: John Len, M. W.; E. Gleitsman, Foreman; Adam Wendling, Overseer; Henry Wilhelm, Guide; F. H. Killinger, Recorder; John Silk, Financier; J. C. Haring, Receiver; S. Klotz, O. W.; Henry Snyder, I. W.; Paul Kirchhofer, Louis W. Gise and M. Schaefer, Trustees.

Two burglars attempted to make a raid on the residence of Father Kuhn. The noise made in raising the window awakened Mr. Kuhn, who immediately got his revolver and awaited their coming. As soon as one of them was seen the reverend gentleman discharged his weapon, but failed to hit the object at which he aimed. The burglars fled precipitately and succeeded in making their escape.

Tuesday was a red letter day for the Salvation Army people. United States Commissioner Frank Smith, was here on a tour of inspection. Staff Captain and Mrs. Innman were also here, and a number of officers and soldiers from the neighboring cities. The Army band from Cleveland furnished music for the occasion. The entire force marched in procession in the evening. The officers rode in four carriages followed by the band and soldiers. After the procession services were held in the barracks.

Constables F. W. Pomeroy and Dallwick Kirk, are on trial before Justice Folger on charge of robbery. The complaint sets forth that they went to the residence of Moses Clay, in Jackson township, to arrest a son of Mr. Clay on charge of bastardy. On account of inclement weather and illness on the part of the prisoner, it was decided that Pomeroy should remain and guard the prisoner until the next day. Mr. Clay claims that during the night some money was stolen from a secretary which stood in the room occupied by the constable and his prisoner. The result of the trial will be given in our next issue.

Personal and Society.

Miss Sallie Valleley, of Canton, is visiting friends in this city.

Mrs. Louis Cheney, of Chicago, is visiting friends in this city.

Miss Julia Fisher, of Akron, is visiting with Miss Sadie A. Corns.

Mr. John M. Atwater spent Christmas with the family of A. J. Ricks.

C. C. Kellogg, foreman of this office, spent Christmas in Clarksfield, O.

Misses Mary and Grace Dangler gave a small card party last Tuesday evening.

Miss Jessie Thrasher, of Garrettsville is visiting the Misses Mary and Arletta Yost.

Miss Maggie Davis has gone to Pittsburg on a visit of several weeks, with relatives.

Miss Laura M. Russell entertained a number of her young friends last Tuesday evening.

M. R. King, of the postoffice, is struggling with a severe attack of the rheumatism.

Mr. & Mrs. Warren Myers of St. Louis Mo., formerly of this city, are visiting relatives here.

Karl F. Miller, Willard Arnold and Rob Skinner were at the Club dance last night in Canton.

Miss Lydia Bayliss will entertain her friends next Monday evening at the Waverly Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Ryder are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Myers, of St. Louis, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Warrington Warwick, spent Christmas with Mrs. Warwick's parents in Pittsburgh.

Mr. Frank Wilson, of Cincinnati, spent the holidays in this city. Mr. Wilson is an old Massillonian.

E. L. Arnold, Archer C. Corns and Miss Sallie O'Donnell will attend the Social Club hop this evening in Akron.

Messrs. Henry Strong, David Bowen and Chas. G. King, spent Christmas with friends at Bellaire, O., and Wheeling, W. Va.

Misses Olive Howald and Minnie King spent Christmas at the Fairmount Children's Home, the guests of Miss Flora Niesz.

Mr. Proctor Sease and Miss Maggie Aultman, of Orrville, visited Mr. David Bowen and family, the fore part of the week.

Mr. F. B. Smith and wife and Miss Mary Charles, of Canton, are the guests of Mr. Jerome and Miss Lillian Kaley to-day.

Miss Carrie Goli, postmistress at Lakeville Station, O., is visiting at the residence of Mr. Joseph Kaley on North street.

Messrs. Larry Webster, of Bay City, Michigan; and Ralph Judd, of Salem, O., are guests at the residence of Mr. J. H. Burrow.

Mr. Walter Neiss, a former resident of Massillon, was married on Christmas Eve, in Los Vegas Hot Springs, N. M., to Miss Ada Brewster.

Mr. Joseph K. Merwin and daughter, Miss Myra B. Merwin, are attending the annual session of the Ohio Music Teachers' Association.

Mr. and Mrs. Asahel Bresee went to Gambier on Wednesday. They will make that place their home until Mr. Bresee completes his college course.

Mr. Ulysses Ritter, who is shipping clerk in Russell & Co.'s Milwaukee branch establishment, spent the holidays in town among his many friends. He returns to Milwaukee to-day.

Mr. Ed. Merwin, an old employee of the INDEPENDENT office, but who is now engaged in teaching short hand at Milwaukee, Wis., spent the holidays with his parents and friends in Massillon.

Our genial Friend Mr. J. Y. Yockey, of the Fulton Signal, called at our sanc tum yesterday. Mr. Yockey and the editor of this paper were schoolmates in bygone days, and we enjoyed very much our talk of old times.

Mr. J. R. Hendry, who has officiated as clerk at the Park Hotel under the present management, has secured a similar position in the French House at Lima, Ohio. He will go to that place the first of the coming week.

AMUSEMENTS.

OPERA HOUSE.

The Ellis Family Bell Ringers will give a concert at the Methodist Church, Saturday evening, January 9, for the benefit of the Ladies' Aid Society.

The Opera House management would do well to profit by "Si Perkins" hint and replace the present scenery by new, or at least put the old in repair.

"Si Perkins," or "The Girl I Left Behind Me," is one of the most amusing of plays. It is chuck full of fun and wit and kept the audience in a roar the entire evening. Mr. Frank Jones is a show in himself. The other characters were well taken, and all combined to make a good entertainment.

A Card.

Allow us through the columns of your paper, to extend our thanks to the many telephone subscribers for their kindness on Christmas, and allow us to wish you all a happy and prosperous New Year. LYDIA CROOKS, J. E. STARN, Day Operator, General Manager.

ATTEMPTED MURDER.

Mr. D. J. Begges, a Prominent Merchant of Canton, Horribly Mutilated by a Robber.

George Green, a Colored Janitor, Arrested on Charge of Committing the Crime—Damaging Evidence.

Canton was thrown into a state of intense excitement by the announcement that an attempt had been made to murder Mr. D. J. Begges, a prominent queenware merchant of that city, Thursday night. The first one to sound the alarm was George Green, a colored man, who was hired as janitor of the Whiting-Poysor block, in which Mr. Begges roomed. At 9:40 o'clock, Green rushed into the law office of Mr. Charles Upham with the startling intelligence that Mr. Begges was all cut up. In a few moments the news spread through the block, and the occupants rushed to Mr. Begges' room, where he was found lying on the bed in a pool of clotted blood. His face was slashed by

FIVE HORRIBLE GASHES, and there was also one on his neck. His left ear was almost severed from his head and lay over on his neck. The most dangerous cut was one about five inches long and extending across the left cheek from the bridge of the nose. He was unconscious. In a short time Dr. Fraunfelter arrived and with the assistance of Dr. Miller, a dentist, dressed the wounds. Marshal Slagle and Deputy Sheriff McKinney arrived in a few moments after Dr. Fraunfelter. They called Green into the hall, and told him that he was suspected of having committed the crime and placed him under arrest. Upon being searched, two coin bags, one old and the other new, was found on his person. They contained \$27.40 in small silver coins. His residence was also searched but nothing was found. The only clue obtained by searching the room of Mr. Begges was the following letter, which is supposed to have been intended to mislead anyone searching for a clew:

DEAR SIR:—Little did you think when you asked me up to your room last night to drink gin with you that this would happen. I wanted to do this long ago but I couldn't get at you before. I will leave you now to repent for your doings. Revenge is sweet. I will meet you at the theatre next fall and will have a good time. Adieu.

It was found that a gold watch, a revolver and a coin bag containing silver had been taken, but these were the only articles missing.

On Thursday evening between 11 and 12 o'clock, Mr. Begges gave Mr. Bour, his chief clerk, \$100 in paper money to keep for him, while he took the balance of the day's receipts with him, and went to his room, accompanied by one of his clerks, who says he heard him lock the door of the hall as he went in.

About 9 o'clock Friday morning, Miss Fannie Greeting, a niece of Mr. Begges, called at the store to see him, and not finding him went to his room, but was unable to obtain any response to her rapping, although she says she heard some one in the room. Miss Greeting tried the door; but it was locked. She went home considerably distressed, thinking her uncle was sick.

It was not more than an hour after that that Green gave the alarm, and who said that he found the door unlocked.

When Mr. Bour arrived at the scene of the crime, he spoke to Mr. Begges, wanting to know who did the deed. Mr. Begges replied that he did not know, and fell back on his bed unconscious, remaining so until Saturday morning. At this time he addressed a few words to Mr. Bour, telling him where he would find certain sums of money in different places in the room. The money was found as indicated, so that is pretty certain that the only money taken was in the coin bag, which was missed soon after the discovery of the crime. At noon on Saturday, Mr. Begges said to Mr. Bour that "They ought to kill that damn nigger," he hit me over the head. Mr. Bour asked him if he had seen the nigger, but he replied, "He struck me over the head." When asked about the gashes in his face and neck, he seemed surprised and did not appear to have been aware of them before that.

GREEN DENIES ANY KNOWLEDGE of the affair, and says he was in bed from 10 o'clock in the evening until 5 o'clock the next morning. He says Mr. Begges always treated him well, and that he would have no reason for committing such a deed. Upon arising at 5 o'clock Christmas morning, he went up to the square, to attend to his duties at the various places he was employed, stopping at Mrs. Meisler's saloon on Plum street on the way. He stated very positively that he was not on the street before 5 o'clock. Green stated that it was not uncommon for Mr. Begges to go to bed without locking the door. When informed that Mr. Begges had returned to consciousness and had made some very damaging statements against him, he seemed considerably excited and said "O! he can't conscientiously accuse me; he knows better." It would have been impossible for him, so cut up, to recognize any one.

From the appearances of the room it seems that Mr. Begges made a great effort to let his nieces into his room when she was at the door. There was a large spot of blood on the floor, and chairs and other articles of furniture were overturned, while Miss Greeting says the person she heard moaning in the room seemed to stumble and stagger as though grouping his way in the dark.

SCOLASTIC.

Obituary.

Died—Mrs. William Crooks, died at her residence in Massillon, Thursday morning, December 24, 1885, of Paralysis of the heart. Aged 38 years, 11 months and 12 days.

Rebecca L. Crooks, died at her home Saturday, Dec. 26, 1885, of cancer. Aged 61 years, 1 month and 5 days.

W. & L. E. Holiday Excursion Rates.

Holiday Excursion Tickets for Christmas will be sold Dec. 24th and 25th, and for New Year's Dec. 31st and Jan. 1st, 1886. All Tickets good for Return until Jan. 2d, 1886. For any information call on any agent of this company.

Mr. E. Gleitsman, has secured the sole agency for the Magnetic Spring Water and sells it at the same price charged at the springs. This water will be found an excellent remedy for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Bright's Disease, Dropsy, Female Diseases, Liver Complaint, Diseases of the Kidneys and Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Paralysis and Dyspepsia. 28 t.

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A larger, better and handsomer line of Jewelry than we ever had before. Every article a bargain at the 5 and 10c. Store.

For seamless foot warmers hand made, noiseless and popular go to J. D. Frank & Co's cash store.

"When I want a good comfortable smoke, I always buy Blumenschein's Pride of the East." Price 5c.

EVIDENCES AGAINST GREEN.

James Goins, colored hostler for Dr. Phillips, says he saw Green about 8:30 o'clock in the morning, talking with some one whom he did not remember, on the corner of Seventh and Market streets. Green came to Snyder's saloon at Court and Fifth street, Thursday evening, saying Mr. Begges sent him for a gun, as a large business had been done at the store that day and he was obliged to keep considerable money in his room that night. Snyder said it was rather risky to keep much money, and that he might be assaulted. Green replied that it was risky and that he would be assaulted sometime. He was at the same saloon again about 4 o'clock Friday morning. Christmas morning he seemed to have plenty of money. He drank at several saloons, paid two debts that he had made previously, and bought a trunk, stating he intended to take a trip next week.

Marshal Slagle obtained some letters written by Green, and compared them with the letters found in his room and the writing on each was very similar. Green, as janitor of the building, was in possession of keys to the door of Mr. Begges' room, and these were found on him at the time of his arrest.

TALK OF LYNCHING.

Talk of lynching was indulged in pretty freely by the crowd that surrounded the block all day, but no one seemed ready to assume the leadership. The officers of the jail were thoroughly prepared for an outbreak, and it would have been difficult for a mob to have effected an entrance into the jail.

Mr. Begges is improving and his recovery is probable. He said on Monday, when asked if he had seen Green, that he had not, but that he had hit him over the head, and that he thought he must have been in his room when he came to bed.

Green will probably be tried upon a charge of assault with intent to rob, for which the punishment is from one to fifteen years.

Green was arraigned on Monday evening in the jail by Mayor Rex. This was done for the reason that it was feared a mob might take advantage of the opportunity should he be taken to the court house. He plead not guilty and was sent back to jail to await the preliminary hearing which takes place to-day.

Society Cossip.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. R. Dunn, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Paul, Mr. and Mrs. Theo. Focke, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Reese, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Peacock, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McLain, and Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Brown, are the members of the Poverty Hill Whist Club which has its meeting weekly at the homes of the members. The next meeting will be at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Reese.

Landlord Bayliss, of the Waverly Hotel, entertained the Massillon Rod and Gun Club last Tuesday evening. The club was out in force, and the manner in which the bill of fare was gone through clearly evidences that the assassination of clay pigeons every Friday, when it don't rain, does much for one's appetite. The most notable event of the evening, next to the supper, was Hon. H. C. Cole's speech, wherein the sportsman was extolled and everybody made happy. With Nimrod for a starting point he spoke encomiums of every historical character that ever carried a gun, dwelling at length upon William Tell, "Bish" Sharpnack and Daniel Boone.

Long and loud are the complaints which are made by our best people of the laxity in the management of the Opera House. It is the proprietor's prerogative to keep the house in any condition he pleases, however beastly, but a theater is a place of public resort, and those in charge of same are bound to insist upon decorum within its walls. The whistling and stamping and the obscenity which the gallery gods bawl to each other across the auditorium, frequent hisses and calls of "rats," keep more respectable people from our Opera House than the management realizes, for did it but know how many dollars are nightly turned away from the doors, for this reason only, there would be an immediate correction, even if no other motive will actuate it.

SCOLASTIC.

For the celebrated all wool felt slippers for ladies and gents wear go to J. D. Frank & Co.

You can find the largest assortment in the city of Gents Neckties, Mufflers, Silk Handkerchiefs and Gloves at C. M. Whitman's Clothing House, 11 West Main street.

The Bathers.

Before her father's wigwam—(maiden glory of the forest!)—
In her secret blanket crouching by the
Wee-no-nah, Indian princess, her black hair
bound with coral,
Watched stealthily a group upon the grass
beyond the gate.

Her father in the foreground, brown and
brawny, plump and painted.
Every inch a kingly savage, with his scalp-
knife in his belt.
Pointed out a distant valley to a fair New En-
gland stranger,
Whose negro servant, near them, by his mas-
ter's trapping knew.

Closely watching, like a panther, with her vel-
vet eyes half open.
The little princess murmured to the trader's
wife part:

"Brown as autumn leaves, my father; white as
snow, the pale-faced chieftain,
Black, the other as the storm cloud ere the
lightning rends its heart."

"Tell me, woman, wise in magic, hath the Man-
itou a meaning?"

"When he paints the warriors of the nations
white, and brown, and black?"

The trader's blue-eyed consort smiling an-
swered, sidewise leaning.

"As she shifted to her bosom the baby on her
back:

"Wee-no-nah, 'tis a legend by the Seminoles
narrated,
Told at night about the camp-fires where the
trader's rest hath been—
That Manitou when earth was new, three
white-kn'd braves created,
And led them to a little lake, and bade them
bathe therein.

"The first sprang promptly at his word, and
plunging, came out fair;
Then when he entered; but his bath had
troubled all the lake;
And he who followed (white at first) was stained
with copper color,
And he who lingered last, came forth as
black as loan could make.

"Then Manitou cast down upon the grass be-
side the water,
Three magic gifts (mysterious hid in skin of
deer or doe),
And bade the bathers choose at will. The
heaviest and largest
The negro seized, and, op'ning, found a
spade, a hoe, a hoe.

"The red man next his treasure grasps—and
lo! from out their wrappings,
A fishing-rod and tomahawk, with bow and
arrows full;
While, last and least, the white man's choice—
within a thin package,
Are pen and ink and paper,—grandest
noblesse gifts of all!"

"So thou seest, young Wee-no-nah," laughed
the bold wife of the trader.
As she sprang upon her feet, and stung the
baby on her back—

"Then seest, little princess, that the Manitou
had meaning?"

When I changed the pale-faced bathers of
the lake brown and black!"

—Eleanor C. Donnelly, in Chicago Times.

THE FATAL THIRTEEN.

No one would have accounted Paul Forbes as a superstitious person. On the contrary, he was the most matter-of-fact, commonplace man you would be likely to meet in a day's travel. What cared such as he for ashen coffins on the hearth? Nothing. Death-ticks he laughed to scorn: the howling day he mocked at; the fell number thirteen he arose in manly indignation against.

Some seem possessed of a natural ability to place all adjacent persons at ease when foreboding calamity approaches. The steady hand and the stern but convincing set of lips to brook all impending disasters—either or both of these have saved multitudes from rushing into the very jaws of death. Such a person was Paul Forbes.

"Paul, my dear fellow, do you mean to tell me that you do not believe in signs?"

"The whole thing is rubbish, pure and utter, from beginning to end. If it will relieve your mind, Harry, I will tell you plainly that I do not believe in signs," replied Paul, rising and stretching his six-foot-two of manly stature to its fullest capacity.

Beautiful as a Greek god; born to sway female hearts, never in love during the twenty-eight years of his existence. His eyes, blue, honest, and pure as the cloudless skies above his auburn curls, were—what were they? Weary of the coquettish gazing upon lovely forms, bedecked with fashion's gayest caprices to attract mortal eyes.

Or for a shade dell in some forest fastness! Those eyes might trace the beauty of wondrous Nature's charms! Ah, for—well, for—almost anything but this constant throng of fair maidens, of diverse ages to be sure, who daily flock down to good old Neptune sport with his foamy crests, dive under his rolling waves, then flock back in dishevelled, bedraggled attire to recuperate the bloom of youth, brighten youth; youth more or less youthful according to the skill with which it is laid upon the cheeks.

Aye, Paul was weary of this. He saw through the transparent veil of artifice; some men will not. He was not blind. All his years had been cast among this same class.

Is it to be wondered at that he is weary, heart-sick, and tired? He wanted romance! Bah! Romance does not cast its clouds over a set of simpering girls, love-sick swains, and adroitly non-observant mammas. The non-observant mamma has very watchful eyes; that is one of the traits of her seemingly non-observancy.

"Paul, have you ever been in love?" asked the first speaker, a pure specimen of the genus elegant, fashionable, and *distingué*.

Paul stopped in his pacing to and fro across the narrow confines of his room and asked in response:

"Have you, Duke?"

"A score—yes; more than double that number of times."

"And I—well, I've never been in love once," said Paul.

"Have you never met a woman whose charm of mind and person attracted you above all others?" asked Duke.

"Yes."

"And you say you have never been in love?"

"Never—that is if I know the real meaning of the term. I believe, according to novel-writers, love is something surpassing all human emotions. When a man is in love he is ready to throw away his life, sacrifice himself for the object of his affections; indeed, he is no longer his own self, but an entirely third person as it were, while the course of true love glides swiftly between first and second person. Am I right?"

"You are rather vague, but right—yes, quite right."

"And you say you've been in love more than a score of times?" asked Paul, fixing his eyes upon his friend.

"I—yes; that is, I—well, it's very pleasant while you are in love—"

"And when not in love?"

"Then it's different. But there, you are getting too deep for me. Heaven! Never been in love! Not a believer in love! Not a believer in signs. What a

prize awaits some fair woman! Good-morning!"

The soft melodious voice of Duke was wafted back to Paul's ears as he stood there by the open window gazing out upon the crescent-like stretch of silvery sand alive with varied-hued forms dashed hither and yon, now paddling head first through green rolling monsters, now pushing with strong strokes toward the limit chain, and now rising from the lap of old ocean bereft of charms.

There is no charm about a limp, lank figure. They all look lank in the latter-day prescribed bathing costume, emerging from the water and careering in a series of hops, skips, and jumps across the sands for some sheltering haven.

But the question—was Paul Forbes in love?

No. He knew it.

Yes. He didn't know it.

Such love is the perfection of supreme bliss. Search for an object upon whose shrine you desire to throw your heart's fullest affections and you eloy the palate of love. Blindly when you love, gradually day by day when the subtle influence of another being enters your soul's haven—oh, this were love, purest, sweetest, divinest!

But what did his friend Duke mean when he asked him if he believed in signs? What had signs to do with love? Nonsense! It must have been a fitting fancy of Duke's mind. Paul put it aside—this fanciful womanish freak of mental distortions.

That evening Paul was one of a party gathered in the apartments of Marie Lascare, the rich Cuban widow who was staying at this gay seaside resort.

It was a brilliant picture of unlimited wealth. Gold flowed profusely from the lovely woman's hands.

After gazing into the depths of her glorious eyes, a man would enslave him self for life, merely to make sweet with pleasure this woman's existence.

Was she a true woman? No matter. She was the envied of her sex. The men were her devoted and willing slaves—within certain bounds, of course. A man may admire a widow, when he dare not gaze the second time upon a maiden. Is it dangerous? Follow the fortunes of Paul Forbes, and learn from his career.

Suddenly Marie Lascare lowered the lamp upon the table with a crash.

Every eye was upon her; every ear awaited the sound of her musical tones.

"The fatal thirteen!"

There was a strange uncanny light in her lovely eyes as the words fell from her rich red lips.

"Fatal thirteen? Pshaw! I am one who believes not in signs. If there is any one thing that I delight in more than another it is to tempt fate," uttered Paul.

Raising his glass, he added:

"Here's to the fatal thirteen!"

As he emptied his glass, his eyes met Marie's. Her glass alone of all the others was drained. She alone had the courage to join him in the toast.

A cold shower, as of icy water, seemed to have fallen upon the gay party. It broke up hurriedly.

In a few minutes the guests had all departed but Paul Forbes.

"Mr. Forbes, you seem quiet."

Paul dropped the silver fork with which he was spearin' emerald olives. He turned his face towards Marie, and in a low tone of voice said:

"May I have the pleasure of your company for a stroll by the seashore?"

"Certainly. I will ring for my shawl," responded Marie. To the maid who answered the bell, she said: "Bring me my shawl. Clear away the table, and—do not retire until my return."

It was a glorious night. The breezes puffed the surf waves with white caps, and played sweet though melancholy roundelay among the green pines at the back of the clustering cottages.

The pair, arm-in-arm, wandered away from the beach. They walked on and on until they found themselves upon the shelving path overlooking the water.

Paul gazed down upon the lovely face at his side; his heart felt a sudden rapture such as it had never before experienced. He could have wandered on for ever with her by his side. He could have braved the wilds of foreign climes with her sweet face to cheer him. From his very heart seemed to ebb the subtle power of emotion, charming his soul to untold bliss; for her white hand pressed his arm more closely. Now he can feel the throb of her heart. In the depths of her velvety eyes he sees that paradise such as men are blessed with, or cursed with.

"My father?" she repeated with a blush: "certainly, Mr. Coshinigin," and, excusing herself, she swept from the parlor.

Presently the old man came in, and after a short conversation with Mr. Coshinigin, he stepped to the door and summoned his daughter.

"It is getting late," said Mr. Coshinigin, whose face was radiant, "and, as I have a long ride before me, I think I will say good-night. Will I have the pleasure of finding you home Wednesday evening, Miss Smith?"

Miss Smith blushingly assured him that he would, and young Mr. Coshinigin was en route for Harlem.

"O, papa," she began, "did he—"

"You must ask no questions," said the old man, and he smiled as he stroked his daughter's hair fondly. "Mr. Coshinigin wanted to see me in regard to a little matter which for the present must remain a secret."

"I know, papa," pleaded the girl,

"but you might give me just a little hint of what it was—just a word, papa—"

"O, well," he replied indulgently, "since you must know, Mr. Coshinigin wanted to borrow 5 cents to get to Harlem with—N. Y. 2m."

Two American Noblemen.

Thackeray, though he satirized nobility with a pen of fire, appreciated the advantages of high rank and all that it implies, and he did not hesitate to write that even the heart of a stern moralist would throb with pleasure if he could be seen walking down Pall Mall arm in arm between two dukes.

While standing in the window of the fashionable Somerset club, looking out upon the passers-by, Thackeray said to a friend:

"I haven't seen in this country any men with the stamp of high social caste—such men as combine brains and blood in the British peerage. Have you no such men in America?"

The Boston club man replied that we had, and was going on to illustrate the subject when Thackeray's quick eye caught sight of two dignified and courtly looking gentlemen walking arm in arm on the opposite sidewalk.

"There," he said, "are the sort of men I mean. They look as if they were born to be dukes."

She softly but firmly released herself from his embrace at the echoes of her words away.

"Marie, Marie, what do you mean?"

"There is another who comes between—"

"As I never loved before; as I never can love again."

She softly but firmly released herself from his embrace at the echoes of her words away.

"My mother," softly fell from her lips as she knelt upon the rocky shelf and crossed her hands upon her breast.

"And then you—you are not a widow?"

"Did you so suppose me?" asked she.

"Yes; you were spoken of as such, Marie," and the tones of Paul's voice were deathlike and husky. "The fatal thirteen told you of his return?"

They were Edmund Quincy and Wendell Phillips.

"Yes."

"Let us go back. First, think me but blind, if you will. I should have asked you more. Great Heavens! I should have fled from you. How I love you!"

It was the intensity of despair, by attaining in every tone of his voice. Once, just once, he touched softly with his pale lips her white brow.

Back to the hotel the pair went, but not arm-in-arm. They knew of the barrier. They were true to the decrees of law, both of God and man.

His Marie entered, the maid hastened forward and laid a sealed telegraph message upon her hand. The envelope was broken. It was quickly perused. She stood like a statue for an instant. Then, smiling faintly, she handed the message to Paul.

Mr. Larvar was shot this day by the Spanish authorities.

That was all.

Paul Forbes was a gentleman to the manner born. He knew that this woman, now truly widowed, loved him.

He bided his time before leading her to the altar.

And now, if you were to ask him if he believed in signs, he would smile and say:

"Perhaps—who knows?"

Postal Savings-Banks.

It is generally agreed that a system of savings institutions that would be easily accessible to the people throughout the country, give them absolute security for their small savings, and repay deposits at short notice, would, even if the rate of interests were very low, be a great convenience to many people in every community, and a great encouragement to economy and thrift among working-men and people of small incomes. There are many who think that postal savings-banks similar to those which have been in successful operation in Europe and in the British colonies for a number of years would furnish just the sort of facilities for saving that are needed in this country. Many Americans know something of the working of the postal savings-banks in England, where they have been in operation since 1861.

There are now upward of 7,500 of the post-offices in the United Kingdom open, commonly from nine in the morning until six, and on Saturday until nine, in the evening, for the receipt and repayment of deposits. One shilling is the smallest sum that can be deposited. The Government has, however, recently issued blank forms with spaces for twelve penny postage-stamps, and will receive one of these forms with twelve stamps affixed as a deposit. This plan was suggested by the desire to encourage habits of saving among children, and by the success of penny banks in connection with schools and mechanics' institutes. No one can deposit more than £39 in one year, or have to his credit more than £150, exclusive of interest. When principal and interest together amount to £200, interest ceases until the amount has been reduced below £200. Interest at two and a half per cent is paid, beginning the first of the month following the deposit and stopping the last of the month preceding the withdrawal, but no interest is paid on any sum less than pound or not a multiple of a pound. The interest is added to the principal on the 31st of December of each year. —Prof. D. B. King, in Popular Science Monthly.

Consulting Her Father.

Young Mr. Ch. H. Isidore Coshinigin of Harlem was plainly embarrassed. For some minutes he had rested uneasily in his chair, and Miss Smith of Ninth street near Second avenue, upon whom he was calling, knew what was coming—or thought she did, and her heart-throbs were as the ticking of a clock.

"Miss Smith," he said feverishly, "can I—er—see your father for a moment or two?"

"My father?" she repeated with a blush: "certainly, Mr. Coshinigin," and, excusing herself, she swept from the parlor.

Presently the old man came in, and after a short conversation with Mr. Coshinigin, he stepped to the door and summoned his daughter.

"It is getting late," said Mr. Coshinigin, whose face was radiant, "and, as I have a long ride before me, I think I will say good-night. Will I have the pleasure of finding you home Wednesday evening

